

AT EASTERTIDE.

The Sea Gave Up Her Dead and Every One Rejoiced.



HE beautiful Easter custom of the Russian people: it must be very impressive.

Olive West settled herself cozily in the sunny window-seat of her friend's studio and looked up for a reply.

But Eunice Gray put down the brush-tipped with "silver lake" which she had been holding meditatively between her thumb and finger for some minutes, and did not seem to notice the remark.

She only stood gazing at a cluster of Easter lilies on the canvas before her in a sad, far-away manner.

People remembered that when the black-budded tops of the great ash trees of the avenues showed darkly



SHE STOOD GAZING AT THE CANVAS BEFORE HER.

against the March sky Miss Gray grew strangely quiet.

And, also, that at these times she invariably shut herself up in her studio with its crimson curtains and fell to painting lilies—lovely, satiny Easter lilies.

"What was it that you said?" she asked, finally, coming back from the far-off, indefinite somewhere.

"The Easter service of the Russians," resumed Olive, glad of a hearing at last, "when all the people rise in the beautifully-decorated churches and say—what is it that they say, Eunice?"

"O!" and Miss Gray begins softly, reverently, "each one clasps the hand of his neighbor at the left, and greeting him with a kiss, exclaims: 'Christ is risen!' Then, while the anthem rolls and the lilies tremble on the altar, they rejoice together."

"But," queried Olive, "suppose your neighbor happened to be your enemy and wouldn't rejoice with you?"

"In that case I should think it would be sad, indeed! Enemies at Easter-tide!"

Miss Gray's dreamy, brown eyes filled with tears and her face grew very white. Then she pushed back the crimson curtain, shut her lips tightly and picked up the brush tipped with "silver lake" once more.

"Wouldn't rejoice with you?" Eunice bent over the clustering lilies and the great tears rolled down her pale cheeks.

Olive West looked startled and pained. A moment after she stole quietly out of the room, feeling in a vague, uncertain way that she had touched the chord of sorrow, somehow, unwittingly.

"O, it was I who was the enemy and would not rejoice," moaned Eunice, in agony of soul, when alone with her burdened heart.

The lilies on the easel (Tom loved lilies so) seemed to nod in painful affirmation, as she repeated: "I was the enemy!"

Yes, once Tom Ashley loved the waxen blossoms passionately, but he loved Eunice Gray far better than all things else.

Now? Well! Among those that went down to the sea in ships and had gone, none knew whither, was handsome Tom Ashley.

And in the days ago, before the estrangement, he was all the world to her, but she knew it not.

How many times they had carried lovely lilies to the little chapel of the sailors on the shore at Eastertide and wreathed the plain railing with their fragrant beauty; in those days his face was joyful and bright and hers was fairer and sweeter than the blossoms.

But it would happen no more; no, life was blighted. The Thomas doubt had crept across their dream and blurred the golden chapter, and the lilies budded in strange unfriendly airs. Other hands might touch and thrill the pulse with happiness under their spell; but it would never be theirs.

No; that breezy April morning years ago had sealed them as strangers; that one on which Tom took his hat and walked slowly down the pretty, white street, overlooking the booming breakers, and commended with his griefed soul. Eunice lived at the end of the street in the pretentious cottage standing apart from its neighbors.

Tom put his hand on the gate resolutely; he would go in and tell her how he loved her still. His calling took him away on long voyages and no one knew what might happen in his absence; and the day after Easter he was to sail.

"Joe, see who that is coming in," called Miss Gray, innocently enough, from her

corner, and unsuspecting Joe Fleetwood stepped to the window to see.

It happened just as Eunice hoped it might.

"He's at her window," said Tom, with a little gasp; "she's entertaining Fleetwood and there's no room for me!" and he walked away.

They were trimming the little church of the sailors for the Easter services on the morrow, and thither Tom went to forget if he could.

"We sent Fleetwood to the Gray cottage to see if Miss Eunice would let us have her begonias for to-morrow," fussy Mrs. Fenton was saying as Tom entered, "but it seems as if he'd never get back. O, here he comes!" and the nervous little lady laughed an apology.

"You can have them and welcome," Joe announced, then he edged around to Tom Ashley and said in an undertone: "Go up to the cottage; she won't speak a friendly word to me."

Young Fleetwood felt somehow that he had been in the way, and wanted to put himself right. But Tom did not go. Joe might be telling him the truth and he might not.

Late that evening, however, Eunice received a note from disconsolate Tom: "Come to church to-morrow, dearest," he said, "and let us rejoice together. O, Eunice, let us be one in heart at the holy Eastertide! I plead with you! Come!"

On the glad morrow the flowers filled the chapel of the sailors with their beauty and fragrance, the organ pealed forth and the people joined in the glad anthem of the Resurrection, but Eunice Gray was not with them.

Tom Ashley sat in his place and followed the chant with white lips; his fine face wore such a pained expression that his friends pitied him. He did not notice the glances of sympathy, though, for he was thinking. "She must be very angry," he concluded, "to refuse good will at Eastertide!"

Some way the chapel with all its flowers was cold and cheerless. Tom had never known such a far-off, unsocial Easter before.

And so it happened that the good ship Belle Isle sailed with Tom Ashley on board, and Eunice Gray had made no sign. And Tom was so white and quiet, too, that the captain had half a mind to leave him ashore, but the poor fellow begged so hard that he let him ship with them.

Then the spring slipped into summer, and the little village by the sea grew lonely and slow-paced; and the pretty cottage at the end of the white street seemed loneliest of all.

Months went by, and the steamship Aspinwall came into the quiet port with the mail on board.

The friends of the brave crew of the Belle Isle crowded eagerly around for their accustomed letters, but they all alike were doomed to disappointment.

"The Belle Isle! the Belle Isle!" said the captain of the Aspinwall, shaking his head gravely; but that was all he said.

Then the papers were distributed. "Gone down with all on board in a terrific storm off Borneo!" was what the dispatches stated of the fated vessel.

A wall of deepest anguish went up from the village by the sea for the loved and lost. Eunice Gray kept her room for days. Would she be obliged to live to endure this awful sorrow?

Poor Tom had gone down without a kind word even. Oh, it was terrible!

Once again the glad Easter morning dawned on the quiet village in its nook on the shore. The little white chapel was already open, though so very early. The dark memorial window with its inscription: "The sea shall give up her dead," looked pensively down on the empty pews and all was sweetly silent in keeping with the memory. The flowers drooped from the railing and from the fonts above awaiting the arrival of the worshippers. But long before the silvery tones of the old bell had called them together, a stranger entered the shadowy place.

Evidently he had come for worship; but he wandered here and there and finally paused before the memorial win-

dow. Then his eyes fell upon a sweet picture, a cluster of lilies, near by, and a groan escaped his lips: "What is this?" he asked of the sexton, while a tear trembled on his bronzed cheek.

"I hardly know," replied the puzzled sexton, "the young woman who paints them puts one here every Easter service as an offering. I believe; they are afterward sold for the benefit of the chapel. You see," continued the sexton, "her lover went down with the crew of the Belle Isle, and she is very devoted to his memory yet, even though years have passed—"

"Her name?" The stranger grew agitated and his voice husky with emotion.

"Her name is Eunice Gray and she lives at—" But the stranger was gone and the sexton looking the way he went, bewildered enough.

They were chanting the sailors' hymn as found in the Psalms, and the bereaved ones were raising their tear-wet eyes to Heaven, when a wedding party quietly came up the aisle. The clergyman met them at the altar-railing much as if he expected them and at once began the impressive rite.

After the ceremony was over, the bridegroom kissed his bride before them all and, pointing to the memorial window, said in glad ringing tones: "And the sea hath given up her dead!"

Somehow, and all at once, everybody knew that Tom Ashley stood in their midst and that Eunice Gray was the bride.

And all the village by the sea was happy for the two who, at last, were permitted to rejoice together.

MANDA L. CROCKER.

EASTER DRESS PARADE.

One of the Most Attractive Sides of the Great Holiday.

Apart from the religious observance of the day, Easter presents another attractive side, says Harper's Bazar. It is the transition from winter to spring in the way of garments, and new bonnets and spring gowns first see the light on that day. "The Easter bonnet" has supplied the newspaper paragrapher with a wealth of material, and it seems to be an endless mine of fun, for with the advent of Easter the old jokes are brought forth and polished up and sent forth again as new. But the feminine heart is not wounded with these pointed darts any longer, for the bonnet makes its appearance as regularly as the jests, and the art of the milliner is put to the proof at this season, when faces bright as the spring sunshine must have head-gear to set off golden hair and radiant eyes, and when plain faces demand tints and trimmings to make them look beautiful. The gay costumes which suddenly blossom at the close of Lent are more or less symbolic of the casting off of the sackcloth which has been at least metaphorically donned during the season of penitence.

Fifth avenue, in New York, is the annual parade-ground on Easter afternoon, where two brilliantly attired armies pass in review side by side. On that day the street is crowded with a quiet, decorous company, some of whom come to see, while others come to be seen, and whatever the purpose, all are sure to be satisfied. You may lose yourself in the crowd, and note the newest costumes unheeded by the wearers thereof, or you may go forth attired to rival the splendor of Solomon, and win for yourself the admiration of the spectators. It is a wonderfully captivating sight, suggesting a kaleidoscope with its changes of color at every turn, for each step brings forward a new effect, a new combination of grace and beauty; and so it goes on all the day until, perfectly dazzled, one is glad to rest.

And with it all there is the merry laughter of children who have gained their Easter-eggs at Sunday-school, lending additional charm to the whole. The scent of violets, which are worn in great profusion, fills the air, and there is that general tone of joy and gladness with which the glad mortals welcome the advent of the spring—the beautiful type of the eternal resurrection.

THE RULING PASSION.

Mr. Spoudulix (whispering to his wife)—Aren't the decorations fine? Those lilies in the chancel are simply exquisite.

Mrs. Spoudulix—Yes, but just look at that horrid Mrs. Creemcheese sailing up the aisle fifteen minutes late! Why don't you make your responses, John?

Both (in unison with rest of the congregation)—And our mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

Mrs. Spoudulix—She's always here in time unless she has a new bonnet or a new gown to exhibit.

Both (with congregation)—As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.

Mrs. Spoudulix—Her new bonnet isn't at all becoming. Her taste is something dreadful.

Both (with congregation)—The Lord's name be praised.

Mrs. Spoudulix (in a louder whisper)—Good! It serves her right!

Both (with congregation)—Amen.

Mr. Spoudulix (as congregation sits)—Serves whom right?

Mrs. Spoudulix—Why, don't you see Mrs. Creemcheese's coming down the aisle again, with her face just as red?

Mr. Spoudulix—The choir is doing that anthem very well indeed. What's the matter with Mrs. Creemcheese?

Mrs. Spoudulix—Why, their pew is filled with strangers. Serves her right for coming late to show her bonnet. I hope she's enjoying this extra exhibition she didn't contemplate. O, there, the McDollers have made room for her. Mr. Creemcheese has to stand with the crowd at the door. I just pity that poor man. Yes, indeed, the choir did that splendidly. Is my hat on straight? It's just as pretty as Mrs. Creemcheese's—every bit. Don't you think so?

Mr. Spoudulix—Ah! Dr. Choker is just beginning his sermon.

Mrs. Spoudulix—O, dear! How tiresome sermons are, especially at Easter.

AFTER CHURCH.

Mr. Spoudulix (shaking hands with the rector)—That was a fine sermon you gave us, doctor.

Mr. Choker—Glad you liked it.

Mrs. Spoudulix—O, we did, ever so much. I could not help whispering to Mr. S. what a pleasure it was to listen to you. (To her husband, as Dr. Choker turns to shake hands with another parishioner.) Is my hat on straight?

Mrs. Creemcheese (as the carriage rolls homeward)—Charles!

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For sale by Aug. Fleischmann, corner Fourth and Ohio; Mertz & Hale, 210 Ohio; O. W. Smith, 916 East Third.



There's a tuft of tangled long grasses upon it; A sunny, peach-blossomy face within. I watch her, and wonder, can it be a sin For her to smile back at the face in the glass, So fair in the shade of the tangled long grass?

Thoughtless Clarice, the church-bells are ringing. While you are standing enrapt with your face, Petting your hair and absently singing: "Christ is risen." Each curl in its place, Out she goes tripping, personified grace, And with a lingering, gratified smile Curving her lips as she walks up the aisle.

"Christ is risen," the singers are chanting: Grandly the melody soars to the skies; Through the tall window the sunlight is slanting. And as I follow the ray, in surprise Notice the splendor of Clarice's eyes, Dewy and radiant with the sublime Thoughts that are born of the place and the time.

So as she stands in the glow of the morning, With her sweet spirit at peace, I confess All that she wears for her beauty's adorning Takes not a whit from her soul's loveliness. There in her new Easter bonnet and dress Stands she a saint, her nimbus a mass Of dull, golden hair, and tangled long grass. MARGARET HOLMES.

MERRY EASTER BELLS.

A Story of the Day in Three Acts and Several Tableaux. BEFORE CHURCH.

R. C. C. R. E. E. M. CHEESE (putting on his gloves)—My dear, I fear we shall be late.

Mrs. Creemcheese (who isn't nearly ready)—I intend to be, love.

Mr. Creemcheese (surprised)—Indeed!

Mrs. Creemcheese—Yes, love! This bonnet will excel any other work of the milliner's art in church this morning, and it must have the benefit of a progress up the center aisle when all the seats are filled.

Mr. Creemcheese—But there is sure to be a crowd to-day, and our pew may be occupied. We can hardly expect to have it reserved for us on Easter morning, you know, Ada.

Mrs. Creemcheese—O, the ushers wouldn't dare put any one in our pew.

IN CHURCH.

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TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas Mattie A. Neale and I. R. Neale, by their certain deed of trust, dated the 28th day of March, 1883, and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, in record book 29, at pages 77 and 78, conveyed to William S. Shirk all their right, title, interest and estate in and to the following described real estate, situate in the county of Pettis and state of Missouri, viz: Lot seven (7), of block fifty-four (54) of Martha E. Smith and Sarah E. Cotton's addition to Martin and Smith's second addition to the city of Sedalia, and also the following personal property, to-wit: Five shares of stock in the Mechanics' Building and Loan association of Sedalia, Missouri; which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note and the interest thereon, and the payment of certain monthly dues to said Mechanics' Building and Loan Association fully described and set forth in said deed of trust; and, whereas, the said deed of trust provides that in event of the absence of said trustee from the county or his refusal to act, the then acting sheriff shall assume and discharge his powers and duties in said deed set forth, and whereas, said trustee is absent from said county and refuses to act as such, and, whereas, said note and monthly dues have become due and are unpaid; now, therefore, in accordance with the provisions of said deed of trust and at the request of the legal holder of said note to whom said dues are also payable and due, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate and shares of stock, in the city of Sedalia, in the county of Pettis, state aforesaid, at the west front door of the court house, to the highest bidder, for cash, at public auction, on FRIDAY, THE 24TH DAY OF APRIL, 1891.

between the hours of nine in the forenoon and five in the afternoon of that day, to satisfy said note and dues and the expense of executing this trust.

ELLIS R. SMITH, Sheriff of Pettis County.

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NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE. (First publication March 17th, 1891.)

Whereas, on February 6th, 1886, Benjamin H. Snavely and Sarah A. Snavely made, executed and delivered their deed of trust, for the purpose of securing the payment of one bond for the sum of Eleven Hundred Dollars (\$1100), named in said deed of trust, wherein they conveyed to the undersigned, David H. Etienne, Trustee, the following described real estate, situated in the county of Pettis and State of Missouri, to-wit: The East sixty (60) acres of the south half of the southwest quarter and the south thirty (30) acres of the North half of the southwest quarter of section nineteen (19), township (46) north, range twenty-one (21) west of the 5th principal meridian; and whereas said deed of trust was duly recorded in book 50, at page 78, of the records of said Pettis